

DIME NOVEL ROUNDUP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting,preservation,and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels.libraries and popular story papers.

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CURRENT ENGLISH STORY PAPERS

By Robert H. Smeltzer,

(Chronicler of News "Dime-Novelistic").

Some months since,I read in one of our dime-novel papers,a friendly invitation on the part of one,Barry Ono,of England,to strike up an exchange of letters dealing with dime-novels on this side of the pond,and all that pertains to them.

I heartily agree with Mr.Ono's attitude,and have been in this frame of mind,always. It seems to me, in fact,I know it is a decided fact,that dime-novel Collectors,whether in England or the United States, have much in common;if we only recognized this and acted accordingly.Why remain aloof from our brother fans, just because the big pond separates us ?

To start off with,and to repeat,I have always liked certain English novels; it matters not whether they are reprints of some of our favorites which first say the light of day "over here." So it is,that I prize my Hogarth House Novels,and yearn for more.

Likewise with my 2d and 4d Aldine Buffalo Bill Libraries,the Deadwood Dick Library,and not to forget the renowned Union Jack Library..I passed a big bunch of these,on to brother Bill Burns,some few years ago,and have since regretted my action,for I have not been able to obtain low numbers,in runs,since then.

Through a letter published in one of our Western Magazines,I came into contact with a chap from the Land of the Heather (Scotland),so to speak,and as a result,I have before me,nine English weeklies,which certainly look good to me,to start off with. Let me

tell you about them briefly, so we can all share in this news from over there, especially so, that our publishers have seen fit to discontinue publishing boys' novels in this country.

In alphabetical order, first comes "Adventure". By the way, at this point it is fitting to say that all except the Detective Weekly have covers in vari-color and they are fine to look at. Also, I might add, that they are all thin novels, running to about 32 pages each, more or less. The English price is 2d each. It is a "serial" publication, meaning that the stories are of a "continued in our next" nature. Aha, what a title for the prominent and leading feature story, "The Evil Head of St. Jude", then comes "The Black Giant Becomes Invisible"-"Rocky Mountain Joe"-"The Hidden Hand in the Rovers"-"Wolf Magee" and "Blue Dragon Pyke"..What a galaxy of good tidings packed beneath the covers of this weekly !

Then we come to "The Champion". Let's see what's inside. Foremost is "Fireworks Flynn"-"The Ice Rink Avenger"-"Brassy & Co."-"Boxing Bargee"-"The Whiz Banger"-"The Lights Out Bandits"-and "Kongo, the Sporting Chieftan". At a glance, it can be seen that it appeals to fans of football, skating, ice yachting, dog racing, boxing, soccer, with a bandit and jungle story thrown in for good measure.

"The Detective Weekly" speaks for itself, as to the type of stories it contains; such titles as "The Clue of the Split Bullet" and "The Gold Comfit Box", featuring Dr. Grundt, the clubfoot man. Only two serial stories here, but the illustrations depict thrilling situations, you bet.

The Gem presents "The Convict Hunters", complete, and one serial, "The Boy Who Broke Bounds", entitled a great Rookwood yard. Boys' adventures hold sway in this one.

"The Hotspur" offers, "Enter the Fairies, and How"-"Slugger Sullivan's Christmas Worries"-"The Grey Caballero"-"Too Clever for School"-Badger, the beebur and "The Schoolbell Must Not Ring." All are

thrilling tales; some schoolday fantasies.

"The Pilot" begins with, "When the Crowd Yelled Traitor"-"The Black Monk"-"The G Men of the Rangers"-"I'll Drive the Haunted Car"-"Kang"-and "The Worst Boy at Borsted." Here's a selection to pick from.

"The Rover"-"Hairy (Gorilla)Wreckers", what a tale-"The Jiu Jitsu Junior"-"The Hoodoo on the Team"--"Swot by Day, Cwotter by Night"-"Quick Change Cassidy"-"Rolling Billy Stone"-and-"The Perils of a Drifting City". This one looks like the goods, and a yard wide, at that.

"THE Skipper"-"Beware of Mammoths"-"The Ghost Rule of Red Reef"-"Hitcha Sam"-"The Boss of the Thirst Mad Trails"-"Double Drake, Headmaster, but Crook"-and-"The Big Bad Wolf". This one appeals to me, beleive it or not.

"THE Wizard"--"OOOAH", here comes "The Gaunt Hounds are Out"-on it's heels comes ringing, "Slaves of the Ring"-"The Shark Ripper"-"The Black Gunners"-"They Call Him Lionheart Logan"-and lastly-"Feather Fingers."

Well, well, boys, which one do you prefer ? As they used to say, "you pay your money and you take your choice, and that is all okay with me, and if you'd ask me, I would chortle this plaintive plea, "Why, oh why can't we have something like that on our news stands, today". In other words, we must accede to the English publishers, the PALM that they have continues on and on thru the years, and where are our publishers ? I'll tell you: They are dishing up Love and Murder Magazines, that really turn my gizzard, after I get into them, about two pages.

Incidentally, these English story papers do not fall short of "Humor", and I see they stage many a contest to pep up enthusiasm. Makes me remember when I was a kid. Those contests sure did appeal to me, and in one, I won a bike worth about \$25.00

After a perusal of these English story papers, I am more than ever convinced that they are fine, indeed indeed, and deserving of an appeal on the part of

every time novel collector on this side of the pond. Didja hear, Barry Ono ?????

To back up my contentions.I want to hear from all American and English collectors who have liked my story, and also those who have any English novels or story papers to offer..My address is 3432 N.Bodine St.,Philadelphia,Pa.

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MY FIRST NOVEL..

By Harold C.Holmes.

Except for the years 1893 and 1894,when our family lived in Chicago,Illinois,all my kid days were spent on a farm in Connecticut;so altho in different states,I too,like our pal Ralph Cummings,know what it is,to tend cows. Altho it seems as if I must have seen novels in store windows in Chicago,I don't remember to have seen one,or even heard of one,until the spring of 1899,when I was 12 years old.In February of that year,we moved from the country to Springfield,Mass. As it seemed too late in the season to start me in a strange school,my parents decided to keep me out till the following fall. As was the habit in those days,I wasn't allowed to sit around, but was put to work in the small textile mill where my father worked. I worked a 58 hour week and got 6¢ an hour, of \$3.48 for a full week,giving you an idea of textile mills in 1899. I had only been in that mill a couple of weeks,when I read my first novel,which opened for me,a whole new world of enjoyment.I remember it as if it was only yesterday. It was within a couple of minutes of quitting time, one night at 6 P.M.when I went to the window and looked out into the courtyard,and it had begun to rain. I went to the other boy of my age,who worked in that room,and to him,I bemoaned my fate because it was raining,and I would not be able to go out and play after supper. He said he didn't care, because he had a good novel to read.Out of his pocket he pulled a little paper covered book with a most thrilling cover,all in bright colors.

"Diamond Dick, Jr's King Pin", or, "A Cyanide Game at the Tiger Mine", No. 132. He told me that if he finished it that night, he would bring it to me the next day. Instinct seemed to tell me that my beautiful book might not quite meet with the same enthusiasm from my parents, so the reading was postponed until bed time. When mother said I must go to bed, I agreed without the usual pleading to stay up a little longer. I took my little kerosene lamp and went to my room on the third floor, drew a stand up to the bedside, and began my Diamond Dick. What a thrill! It gives me goose pimples even now, when I think of it. But woe descended upon me, when commands came from downstairs to put out the light and go to sleep. So I had to lay it aside. Usually it took much urging to get me up in the morning, but the excitement was such, that I was awake about daybreak, and by breakfast time I had finished it and read it almost halfway thru the second time. At the mill, I raved so over the story, that the same boy, the next day, brought me in three more novels, the first of their kind, I had ever seen: Tip Top No. 151, Frank Merriwell Betrayed-or-The Downfall of Hodge---Work and Win No. 16, Fred Fearnot's Good Work-or-Helping a Friend in Need---and a Secret Service, I do not now possess with the tale, "The Foot in the Frog." I began at once to buy three weeklies each week; Diamond Dick, Jr. Work and Win-and Pluck and Luck. How I came to choose Pluck and Luck, I don't remember. The Tip Top and Secret Service hadn't made such a hit with me as the others. Hence they didn't get on my "buy" list. Strange that the Tip Top was not an instant favorite with me, as 3 or 4 years later, it was so much my favorite that I had stopped buying all other kinds. But my first love was Work and Win and it remained so for 2 or 3 years, with Diamond Dick, Jr. a close favorite. About 6 weeks after I first began to read novels, my parents made me give them up. Like many other parents thought, if they let me continue, it would only be a short time, before I would run away, out West to shoot Indians.

In the fall when I started school, I began again and this time, they did not stop me, as they found it kept me away from the gang at the corner. The boy who gave me my first novel, later joined the Springfield Fire Department and was suffocated to death in a basement fire.

I always saved my novels and bought from the first in the second-hand store, till by 1910, I had many, probably 2,000 to 3,000. At that time, we moved from Springfield to a suburb, and my mother implored me to get rid of those silly paper books.. I too, thought it time to put away childish things, so, retaining only my beloved Tip Tops, I gave away all the others, by the bale, and the armful. As you might expect, in a few months I was spending good money trying to get back, even a part of the ones I had given away. My real novel thrill of late years, was finding that there was such a thing as the H.H.B., and several papers about our hobby, and so many nice fellows to get acquainted with, via Uncle Sam's postal service.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST-FROM HERE, THERE, & EVERYWHERE.

The Library of Congress has a complete set of Beadles Boys Library, of Sport, Story, and Adventure; 121 numbers in all. (a real treasure, yum, yum !)

Frank Leslie, the publisher's real name was Henry Carter.

Real Alger Story: The lad who, a little more than 20 years ago, swept and dusted the law offices of J. B. Dudley, young attorney, and shined his shoes at a soapbox stand after hours, will become Dudley's law partner, next Tuesday. The lad is Herbert K. Hyde, district attorney, who successfully prosecuted the Charles F. Urschel kidnappers.

For many years an unimpressive looking heap of dirt in the Black Hills, held a strong fascination for hundreds of tourists and sight seers. It is the grave of "Deadwood Dick" Clark, reputedly the man upon whom many tales have been written in both Blood & Thunder Novels, as well as Penny Bloods,

across the pond. The Chamber of Commerce has decided to erect a stone monument with a brass plate for our hero and scout of the Black Hills.

Good News, No. 83, of Vol. 4 (Dec. 5, 1891) carried a fine story on Tom Edison, Jr and His Airship-or-The Wonderful Cruise of the Sky Witch.

Horace N. Killey, Binghamton, N.Y., now has a complete set of Frank Leslie's Boys' & Girls' Weekly. A fine collection, completed in a twenty year search.

Charlie Austin says: Novels is a fine game for this season. The hobby fits every pocketbook, and it is fun for all, no matter whether he collects the more or the less valuable. Your thrill at getting a Beadle, is no more than mine, when I annex a Young Klondike or a Diamond Dick that I need. A man I talked to a year ago was happy over the fact that he had the Pluck & Luck reprints almost complete. That is why I say it is a fine game with thrills for all of us, unless we spoil our own fun by longing for the unobtainables.

Wonderful news stories are being told on the radio by Major Gordon W. Lille (Pawnee Bill).

Ye President and Publisher was the guest speaker a short time ago at the Al Emago club meeting, which was held at the home of Roscoe Parker, Carroll Read, Grafton; with a fine display of Novels and Old Story Papers being shown.

If the readers of the Roundup will write letters to the papers that are running the Frank Merriwell Stories, it sure will be a big help to keep the Merriwell Stories agoing. I'm sure no one will regret it. Let's all help!

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THIS IS A REPRINT OF THE ORIGINAL ROUNDUP for April, 1936 which contained the following interesting advertising:

Reckless Ralph announced his Dime Novel Catalogue for 1936 (For \$1.00) with 16 full pages, including fine articles on Robert DeWitt-Dime Novel Values- Novel Data-and a nice big cut on the front page.

Leonard Leighter of Brockton, Mass., was seeking some * special numbers, and also, Old Tousey-Beadle-Westbrook and Street & Smith catalogues.

J.P. Quinon of Little Rock, Ark., sought Tip Tops from No. 1 to 104, with original colored covers.

Ralph P. Smith of Lawrence, Mass. was offering all six issues (1936) of his Happy Hours Magazine, featuring in No. 66, "The Great 5¢ Wide Awake Library" by Roy Patterson.

M.E. Marsh, Ithaca, N.Y. wanted "Days in consecutiveness" and Tip Top Weeklies.

L. Morgan, Washington, D.C. wanted: Rough Rider-Frank Reade Weekly-Buffalo Bill Stories (under 200)-James Boys' Weekly-Diamond Dick, Jr. Weekly (under 600)-New Nick Carter (under 500)-and many others.

Jos. Parks, Yorkshire, England, was plugging The Collector's Weekly, and seeking friendships here.

H.O. Rawson, Worcester, Mass., offered a pen-drawing of "The Detective Who Couldn't Swim a Stroke", with a catalog of noted Westerners and the vanished West, for .15¢.

Kowalczyk Brothers, Worcester, Mass., was still in the market for Americana-Old Books-and Autographs, in quantities.

George French, Bloomfield, N.J. wanted to buy or swap: Nugget 140-149; one or more Snaps; My Queen; Yankee 5c Library. Also wanted many Pluck & Lucks-Secret Service-etc.

This being a REPRINT of the original Roundup for April, 1936, prepared in Nov. 1970) we have not given the full text of the advertising. Just gave you a resume' of their wants, to show you what was much in demand nearly forty years ago.

Ralph F. Cummings.

Editor and Publisher

THE ROUNDUP.